

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### MORE DISCUSSION OF MOLLIE'S AFFAIRS.

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"What did Mr. Hatton say to you the other evening?" asked Mollie, continuing the conversation over her suitors.

"He did not say anything concrete, but what he did say made me feel that for some reason, in which you are not concerned, he did not think it was right for him to tell you how much he cared for you. I thought that possibly he feels as though he should give Pat a chance and told him that being too self-sacrificing was quite as bad as being too selfish."

"What did he say to that?"

"Jim Edie came up then and we could not continue the conversation."

"Oh, I wish neither of them would make love to me until we get over this book-trust muddle. Both Pat and Mr. Hatton seem to think that this question will make or break the paper—and, Margie, I don't want to see the paper go to the wall. It stands for good citizenship and honesty and justice—I want to see it prosper more, I think, than I want either of those men to love me."

"Mollie, you are a dangerous woman."

"Mercy, Margie, that sounds like a speech from a melodrama. What is the matter with me that makes me dangerous?"

"Well, in the first place, my dear girl, you have what men are pleased to call a man's brain, which only means, my dear, that you think for yourself and don't let your men relatives and friends do your thinking. In the second place you have found out, as do all women who find they can help do the work of the world, that this love-of-one-man-for-one-woman is not all there is in life. And because you have found this out while you are young, you are doubly dangerous to your own peace of mind and to the minds of the men who are interested in you."

"Margie, you have never said such things as these to me before."

"Because you have never been frank with me before. Let me be still franker. Molly, my dear, there never was a great thing done in this world but there were two people in it—a man and a woman—never a man created anything, from an engine to a picture, a bridge to a sonnet, that the thought of some woman was not behind it. But remember this, my dear, it was not always the same woman. In all poetry there were only two men who loved 'once and forever one woman,' and one of these was Dante Alighien and the other Robert Browning. All the other great poets were inspired by SOME woman who was always thought to be THE woman. Count them up: Heine, the greatest lover of them all; Goethe, who perhaps came next; Byron, Moore, Shelley, take any of them that we have read about and you will find the same story. A series of loves, a series of women, and they are but men like the rest of their sex. It is not the love of one woman that men adore but the emotional upheaval of many loves for many women."

"Then you think if I should throw up my job both Pat and Mr. Hatton would survive it."

"They would hardly miss you, my dear, as long as this battle with the trust was going on."

"Yes, they would," asserted Mollie, "they would miss my work—my help in the fight they are making."

"There, my dear, is just where you are becoming a dangerous woman. When a woman makes a man miss her when she leaves his side in the great battle of life, if he unconsciously perhaps counts in her a help instead of a drag she has become a greater factor in his life than merely the woman he loves in a sexual way."